

HE'S BEEN "KETCHIN' 'EM DEAD 'R LIVE" FOR 40 YEARS



Constable J. B. Blanchard.

Fargo, N. D., March 7.—When Shang shot Shemway and Shemway shot Thompson, and Thompson shot Shang, and they just murdered each other into the hereafter one April day in 1872, the frontier town of Moorhead, Minn., allowed as how something like a constable or sheriff was needed, for "next time there was a shootin' one of the shooters might be left to stick into a 'stout house.'" A stout house is a jail.

So they up and elected J. B. Blanchard, affectionately known as "J. B."

"J. B." is 93 now, but he has just been elected constable for the ninth term, and has had 40 years' experience catching violators of the law.

Moorhead has 7,000 people. For two months, spring and fall, it arouses to full activity when the lumberjacks of Minnesota's woods or the harvest hands of North Dakota's grain fields fill the hundred brightly lighted saloons which face Fargo and the dry state of North Dakota across the river.

It is at these seasons of the year that the constables of Moorhead show of what stuff they are made. Crimes are frequent and most of the visitors are gun toters. The forests are still dense and the prairies are wide and trackless.

For nearly half his life, Constable "J. B." has dealt with just such men. Never has he gone after a man and failed to bring him in, "dead or alive." Often it